

REMEMBER there are hundreds of brands of White Lead (so called) on the market that are not White Lead, composed largely of Barytes and other cheap materials. But the number of brands of genuine

Strictly Pure

White Lead is limited. The following brands are standard "Old Dutch" process, and just as good as they were when you or your father were boys:

"Anchor," "Morley," "Kohlenstein," "Salem," "Aramstrong & Kellogg," "Southern," "Beymer-Baumman," "Red Seal," "Davis-Chambers," "Collier," "Fahnestock."

For Colors—National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, a one-pound can to a 25-pound keg of Lead and mix your own paints. Saves time and annoyance in matching shades, and insures the best paint that it is possible to put on wood.

Send us a postal card and get our book on paints and color-card, free; it will probably save you a good many dollars.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.
Chicago Branch,
State and Fifth Street, Chicago.

Democratic-Northwest
AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

1. The Democracy of Ohio, in convention assembled, hereby expresses its hearty commendation of the efficient, economical and honest administration of President Cleveland.

2. We adhere to the declaration of the Democratic party in its national platform that protection is a fraud, and while we recognize the benefits of the reduction of duties on imports just made by congress, we favor such further reduction as can be made having in view the necessities of the country.

3. We favor the removal of the McKinley tariff and the enactment of a tariff law in its stead, under the operation of which trade and business are reviving, and the country again becoming prosperous. The McKinley tariff went into operation less than four years ago, yet in that short period the country changed from prosperity to a condition of financial and industrial depression.

4. Under its operation the revenues derived from duties on imports decreased to a sum insufficient to meet the expenses of the government, thereby necessitating the sale of bonds, and a consequent increase of the burdening debt of the government. Under a more business-like tariff, no such occurrence had ever before in the history of the country in the same period of time.

5. While it was in operation the McKinley tariff was a source of employment, more labor, more bread, more employment for labor and more wages paid than was ever before known. Under its operation the produce of the farmer, especially wheat and wool, brought the lowest prices recorded since the war. While it was in force, there were harder times, more pauperism, more business bankruptcies, more forced sales, and more distress and destitution than was ever known in this country in the same length of time. The Republican policy of protection is so unsupported by facts that it seems unnecessary for it to stand in the face of the plain results of the McKinley tariff, which was in full operation, doing its perfect work; and that since its repeal, business has revived and the market improved, which is a complete answer to the charge.

6. We dissent from the president's views, construction and treatment of the silver question, and therefore believe the silver should be restored to the position it occupied as money prior to its demonetization by the McKinley tariff, and to the end we favor the limited free coinage of silver at the legal rate of 16 to 1 and full legal tender power.

7. We denounce the recent Republican legislature of Ohio as the most extravagant, wasteful and corrupt known to the history of this state. It adjourned at a time when some of its members charged their fellow members with having stolen the election, and when the people were clamorous for investigation. It would not investigate, for that meant conviction. Not to investigate was to play safe. While it was in session, it appropriated the amount of the public money to pay its members a salary for two sessions, while the state treasury was empty, which merited the condemnation and supreme contempt of every taxpayer, being a salary grant of the worst character.

8. We denounce the administration of Governor McKinley for being the most extravagant known in the annals of our state, supplemented by the scandalous and immoral conduct of his appointees in the management of their offices, and of whom are under indictment for felonies, others dismissed from office for offenses too indelicate to name, while others are in office, and some are indicted with grave and immoral conduct and gross mismanagement of public affairs.

9. The Democratic party has always been the champion of equal rights and religious liberty. It has ever been hostile to political proscription on account of religious opinion. We therefore denounce the American Protective Association and all organizations which make religious belief a test of political preference.

10. We favor liberal pensions to worthy soldiers and marines, their widows and orphans. We favor the granting of pensions from the use of money in elections, we favor the enactment of a "corrupt practices" law, prohibiting the use of money to be expended by candidates; requiring the publication after election by all candidates and campaign committees of the names of the amount of money expended, and fixing forfeiture of office and disqualification as the penalty for violating its provisions.

11. The system of giving places to persons in public office which has been practiced by corporations has reached a stage which demands condemnation by the people. We therefore favor such legislation as will make it a misdemeanor for any person, except, or for any kind of corporation or for any of its officers or agents to give to such public officers a place upon any railroad in this state.

12. We favor the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people.

ROBBED BY THEIR GUESTS.

Hotel Keepers Complain of the Continual Theft of Small Articles.

It is a fact well known to every hotel and restaurant keeper in the city that people will steal. Why they resort to peculation is a mystery, but a far greater mystery seems to be wrapped up in the class of articles that are stolen.

Guests who stop at first class hotels and pay their bills in departing have been known scores of times to take with them toilet soap and towels from their rooms. Blankets, sheets, clocks and ornaments likewise disappear with the departing transients.

Nor does the peculation stop at this. Cheap plated trays, cutlery, forks and spoons plainly marked with the names of the hotels are stolen again and again. This seems strange, for if the articles are used by the thief they bear, of course, the indelible evidence of the guilt of the peculators.

Sometimes the stolen articles are recovered, and sometimes they are not. Only recently the proprietor of a local hotel advertised repeatedly and offered a large reward for the return of a valuable clock of large size, which had been taken from the hotel and in a manner never discovered. All the advertising was in vain.

The late John Hoyer once succeeded by a shrewdly worded letter in recovering a valuable rug which a well known New York woman had taken with her. As soon as its absence was noted from the Hollywood Mr. Hoyer caused to be written to the woman a letter which read substantially as follows:

"DEAR MADAM:—In packing your clothing your maid by mistake included the Turkish rug which was in your room. Kindly have it returned."

The woman had no maid, which fact was well known to herself and to Mr. Hoyer. The assumption that the theft was not her own accord had an opportunity to return the stolen article, which she did at the earliest possible moment, sending with it at the same time a note apologizing for the stupidity of the "maid."—New York Herald.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

A PROFESSION IN WHICH MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN.

Difficulties Which Confront Young Barristers—How Literature and Politics Affect the Lawyer's Prospects—He Need Not Necessarily Be a Rascal.

Mr. Richard Devereux Doyle, a prominent member of the Norfolk bar, contributes to The Southern Magazine an article entitled "My Impressions of Law and Lawyers," which will prove very interesting to laymen as well as to members of the legal profession. Mr. Doyle discusses his theme instructively, entertainingly and with judicial impartiality and candor. He refers to the "Confession of a Junior Barrister," by the brilliant Richard Lalor Shiel, as embodying the early experiences of many hopeful and talented young lawyers.

"How many," says Mr. Doyle, "have passed through a similar course of study and preparation, perhaps graduating in the humanities as well as the law, bearing away the prize for eloquence and oratory at some of our great institutions of learning! How many have thought that such talents as theirs were sure to command early if not immediate success, and, alas! how many have been disappointed!" differing it may be added, in this respect from Shiel, who passed safely through the depressing period of waiting and probation which tries the soul of the ordinary legal neophyte, and who won the distinction of which he had dreamed at the outset of his career.

Many of this grand army of the disappointed fail, Mr. Doyle thinks, not because they are lacking in "genuine talent" which is "frequently of a high order," but "because there are so many other elements that should but do not enter into the calculation" of the youthful aspirant. Youth, for one thing, "is too sanguine and expects too much. Some fail because of their bad personal habits; some by infirm health and too hard study and confinement are stricken down, like poor Kirk White, 'when life is in its spring; some are not politic enough to woo the world, but hold proudly aloof, trusting to their talents and knowledge, while the busy world goes bustling by without stopping to look at their credentials.' Some stray into the pleasant and flowery paths of literature and some into the seductive field of politics.

"A literary reputation," Mr. Doyle declares, "is perhaps more dangerous than a political one, especially if one is given, like Mr. Wegg, to dropping into poetry. The age is too practical for a successful combination of law and literature. A lawyer may and should be cultivated, but he must not be known as a litterateur or a poet." Nor will it do for the young lawyer to seek to make himself known by going into politics. To do so "is a risky venture for one who intends to make law the profession of a lifetime, and even a reputation for political oratory is of little if any benefit to a lawyer. The public soon come to regard him as a politician and may be willing to vote with him or for him, but not to give him business."

Turning from the causes of failure to the qualities important to what is ordinarily deemed success, Mr. Doyle summarizes them as follows: "Love of the profession and evident desire to get business and attention to it when in hand; industry and the appearance of industry and good native sense, with an aggressive and partisan temperament. Fluency of speech, eloquence of diction and genuine oratorical talent are useful, but not essential." This partisan and aggressive spirit, which is akin to what Lord Bacon calls "boldness," Mr. Doyle considers a particularly important element of success. "Men 'hire' lawyers, as the expression is among the people, to attend to their business and to fight their battles, right or wrong, and the lawyer who goes into a case thoroughly imbued with the client's feelings, believing or making believe that he is certainly right and the other party an unmitigated rascal, is sure to please."

As to the ethical side of the law, Mr. Doyle admits that much may be said pro and con. One of the demoralizing features of the profession is that "a lawyer cannot choose his cases." He is sometimes on the wrong side, and the side of falsehood and injustice, and when on the wrong side "there is almost irresistible temptation to express belief in the justice of his cause, and lawyers too often yield to it, thus giving some ground for the popular accusation that lawyers lie for their clients." After all, whether "the law is a noble and elevating profession," depends upon the man. "There is nothing in the nature of his profession which compels a lawyer to be a rascal. It has its temptations, but so has every other business."

Many hard things have been said of lawyers, but the account is nearly balanced by the complimentary things that they have said of themselves and of their profession. Sir Edward Coke speaks of "the gladsome light of jurisprudence," and a lack of self appreciation is not in general one of the defects of the disciples of the law. They have, however, the consolation of knowing that in spite of all the abuse to which they have been subjected by satirical writers and poets they are not only useful but essential members of society, and that those who abuse them most are generally the very first to rush to the lawyers to avenge or protect them in their hour of need.—Baltimore Sun.

Theta Orionis.

In the constellation of Orion there is a star known as Theta Orionis, which, when viewed through a powerful telescope, appears as a sextuple star, thus presenting the magnificent panorama of seven stars revolving about each other. It is to be supposed that each of these stars is encircled by planets, and these again by moons.

An Ingenious Plan.

Theatrical Manager—I find it impossible to make use of your play. It is too long for the stage.

Amateur Playwright—But can't you lengthen your stage?—Truth.

He Kept Lame.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk briskly, "we have lace of all kinds. Would you like to see Valenciennes or point lace?"

"It's a shoelace I want," explained the customer.—Detroit Free Press.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

No man has recently grown more in the estimation of Democrats than David B. Hill and he is still growing.

The Kansas Republican committee seems to think the old Indiana rate of \$2 a vote is enough for populists.

When capitalists wish a labor organization betrayed, a labor leader is always on hand, ready to do the betraying.

If Mr. Morton has violated the alien contract labor law, let him pay the penalty, just as any other man should. His wealth and social position have nothing to do with the matter.

Mr. Morton might find it advantageous to allow that illegally imported English coachman to take his place on the Republican ticket.

WANTED—A Republican of prominence who is not a candidate for the Presidential nomination. Apply to National Dime Museum.

Ir Hon. Bourke Cockran's thinking apparatus was of the same high order as his oratory more Democrats would regret his retirement from Congress.

JOHN SHERMAN says he's for McKinley, but he probably means that McKinley is his second choice. His first choice is now, as always, John Sherman.

The whole political graveyard is yawning. The latest political "stiff" to emerge therefrom is J. Warren Keifer, who announces that he is a candidate for governor.

Look out for a lively after-election time among the editors and preachers of New York city who are just now singing the same tune.

The production of rails and Bessemer steel by the Pennsylvania Steel Works was greater last week than in any single week for years. Still the calamity howlers say that business is not improving.

The suffrage women of New York are being used by the very sordid politicians of that town who are in Tommy Platt's class, and the women—bless their ignorance—think that they are taking the first step towards becoming voters.

SOMEbody robbed Mr. Howard, vice-president of the A. R. U. who was lieutenant of Debs in the big strike, of a package of railroad passes. There are probably members of the A. R. U. who would like to know more about those passes.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND declined to become either a director or a stockholder in the real estate syndicate which purchased all the property on the market in the vicinity of Gray Gables, but those benighted individuals who depend solely on Republican papers for their news will never find it out.

SOMEbody wants to know when Mr. Morton will make his opening speech. Never, bless your innocent heart. Silence, you know, is golden, and Mr. Morton is conducting his campaign on the gold basis exclusively. Besides, he couldn't make a public speech, not even if his favorite wig was at stake.

MRS. LEASE is accused of having, while advising a populist official to rob the State of Kansas, said: "They are all doing it, from the Governor down." Yet these Populists have the "gall" to call themselves reformers.

HALLO! What's the matter with John Sherman? He said concerning the tariff in a recent speech: "No duties should be levied for protection that are not needed for revenue." The true position of the Democratic party could not be more concisely stated.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, when asked to join the European powers in a friendly intervention in the China-Japan war, used the choicest diplomatic language to convey the impression to the Europeans that Uncle Sam had grown great and rich by keeping his fingers out of other people's affairs, and that he intended to keep up that policy.

It was a Republican judge who threw the Louisiana sugar planters out of court, when they applied for a mandamus to compel Secretary Carlisle to take the first step towards the payment of this year's bounty.

Anticipated.

Lord Chesterfield, being one day asked by Sir Thomas Robinson, familiarly known as "Long Sir Thomas," to write some verses upon him, produced the epigram:

Unlike my subject, now shall be my song.
It shall be witty, and it shall be long.

This individual was noted for being a bore and made himself very troublesome to the Duke of Newcastle, continually calling on the minister, and when told that his grace was gone out he would ask to be admitted to look at the clock, or to play with the monkey, in the hope of seeing the duke. But one day the porter, without waiting for what he had to say, dismissed him with these words, "Sir, his grace has gone out, the clock stands and the monkey is dead."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.



BEST FOR SHIRTS.

THE PROCTOR & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

BENEDICT.

It was ripe autumn in a Rhenish village. The sun, slowly sinking into its bed, tinged all nature with the radiance of its departing glory. Mountains of irregular height, capped by forests of trees, stood out in bold relief against the red dyed sky, and numbers of small graystone vintners' cottages nestled amid the luxuriant foliage on the slopes of the hills. Beneath all was the Rhine, sweeping silently through the valley below till, falling over a cluster of rocks, it was transformed into a cataract, the roar of whose waters broke in upon the stillness of eventide and mingled with the lowing of the various herds being driven back to their farms.

Against the doorway of one of the small cottages leaned a woman, shading her eyes from the radiant afterglow with a small, elegantly shaped hand—a woman whose youth was already past, but whose delicate, refined features still retained the charm of earlier years. She was singularly attractive. Masses of dead gold hair covered her shapely head. Her eyes were large and dusky brown, and she looked from beneath their dark fringe with a slow, languid gaze. A soft silk of somber hue enveloped her lissom figure and trailed on the grass at her feet. Among the vintners she was known as "La Belle Anglaise," of whose beauty and proud, cold manner they stood somewhat in awe. She had come among them at the commencement of the summer, and furnishing one of the little cottages to suit her requirements lived there, in comparative seclusion, with an old servant who accompanied her. She sighed, half impatiently, half sadly, as she sat down to rest on the little carved seat in the porch. As she did so the mournful notes of a funeral hymn, borne onward by the breeze, fell upon her ear in stifled cadence.

A group of peasants, carrying in their midst a tiny coffin, covered with masses of white flowers, was slowly approaching, preceded by a priest, accompanied by three acolytes, who carried a silver crucifix, and as they chanted swung a censer to and fro, leaving a delicate odor in the oppressive air. Moved by some sudden caprice, she gathered her drapery into her hand and followed the sad procession, winding along the road, till through an avenue of foliage on the summit of a hill the ruined chapel of St. Rosalie came in sight. En route they encountered Jacques, the post boy, and the lady lingered till the lad, having satisfied his religious scruples by falling on his knees while the procession passed, delivered to her a couple of letters. The slow bell for the souls of the departed had begun to ring and the service had begun when she reached the little grave. Fearing to disturb the mourners, she passed to the east end of the ruined chapel, and lifting the latch of the crazy little gate, which creaked rustily upon its hinges, found herself in the chapel. Near the door hung a painting of the Holy Mother, stained and disfigured with damp and age. Some passing breeze had carried with it a few seeds from a passion flower, which, falling between the broken stones that paved the chapel, had sprung up and now outlined the rugged cross with its rich purple blossoms. Part of the chapel was unroofed, but a everted piety kept the roof over the "crucifix and altar intact. Seating herself in one of the ancient pews and drawing a small silver dagger attached to her chataineau, she proceeded to open the letter. Inside the first was a small note, surmounted by a coronet, and a purely conventional smile parted her lips as she glanced at the writing. It ran as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND—Where have you hidden yourself and why? My fair is lost in amazement that the London season should find the beautiful Mrs. St. Croix absent, her enchanted palace shut up. Have you gone in search of your ideal? If the search fail, dare I hope? Yours always,

"ALEX. VAYASOUR."

The other note was written on mauve scented paper and was purely feminine:

STRAFORD PLACE, W.

"DEAREST MAY—Really you are an enigma. Sir Alec Vayasour, who is now in town, haunts my house, and it requires all my ingenuity to parry his inquiries regarding your retreat. I hope you are happy there. He certainly is not. Come back soon, for my sympathy now is all for him. You have beauty, wealth, fame, and now a title lies at your feet. Most incomprehensible of women! What more can your heart desire? I enclose a note under protest. Always, dearest, yours

"HELENE."

Mrs. St. Croix tore up the first note

with the impatient gesture. The second she read again. Beauty, wealth and fame! What had they bought her? Had they staid for an hour the passionate cry of her heart, the maddening longing for an old love? The letter fell from her fingers as she clasped them over her face. Present sounds faded away. The solemn tones of the final benediction which floated in from the churchyard changed to the passionate pleading of a man. The silence seemed to intensify his anguish—his eternal farewell. The scent of roses that climbed round the ruined casements turned to the odor of frankincense and myrrh. The dying rays of sunlight were as myriads of lighted tapers, the chapel a massive cathedral. Through the silence rang out in the clear notes of a young man's voice the solemn vows of obedience, chastity and poverty, even to death. She rose and paced in anguish the silent aisle. Can anything be more remorseless than memory, which awakens in every moment of our solitude a living witness to our soul's undyingness? As she grew calmer she approached the purple outlined cross and gathered a flower from its stalk.

"Desecration, madam!"

A quick breath escaped Mrs. St. Croix's parted lips as the tones of the priest, who, unperceived, had observed the action, fell upon her ear.

"I crave pardon, father. I did not mean it for such. I merely wished to carry away with me a remembrance of St. Rosalie."

The storm was past. Once more she was a conventional woman of the world, calm and impassive. As she spoke she glanced up at the priest. He was motionless, as though carved in stone. Slowly the color died out of her face as she whispered incredulously:

"Benedict!"

For a supreme moment each looked into the other's face. The woman was trembling violently, and her features were lit with yearning tenderness. The priests lips moved, as though to speak, but no sound came. To him the mention of her name was sin. Had he not spent the best part of his manhood in penance and prayer, in trying to forget that beautiful face, that form, that voice? Was she not yet satisfied with his sacrifice—with the fact that, rather than be an impediment to her brilliant marriage, he had ceased to exist?

Why had she again broken in upon his heart's solitude? When he spoke it was with an effort and in stern tones:

"Why are you here alone? Where is St. Croix?"

"Dead!" was the almost inaudible reply.

"Dead!" he repeated in a husky tone, adding involuntarily. "Then you are free?"

He could not look away from her. His eyes fell upon her fashionable attire, her jeweled fingers her matured beauty. What an insuperable gulf lay between them!

To her the bitterness of all things had come as his cold, unsympathetic tones fell on her ear. While she had suffered he had forgotten.

"Come here," she answered in her calm, conventional tones, "for rest and peace, outside the world, not dreaming you were here."

A momentary gleam touched the man. Moved by impulse, he closed his fingers over the small cold hand that grasped the edge of the quaintly carved seat and whispered:

"If you had known, what then?"

In an instant she noted the change in the priest's voice. After all, he was not quite dead to the world, and a glimmer of hope woke in her heart.

"Then I must still have come," she replied passionately, raising her eyes to his face, which was rigid and incredulous. "I am free now and have never known happiness since we parted."

Wealth position all I possess is worthless without you to share them. Come back to the old world again, Benedict. You are all I care to live for." As she finished speaking, carried away by her feelings she sank at his feet.

The priest's face was scarcely less agitated than her own.

"I cannot. I care not. Do I not sin daily in remembering you? Have I not longed for the sound of your voice, the touch of your soft hand? Do I not live a double life—outwardly a priest, inwardly a man? Can vows, penances and prayers change a man's nature? Does it not rather kill the soul? May you have much to answer for." As the last words died upon his lips he stooped for an instant as though in pity and touched her forehead with his lips. Placing her arms around his neck, she whispered his name and lowered his head till their lips met. A moment seemed an eternity. Then, thrusting her aside with a cry of anguish, he sprang away, and she heard his swift footsteps pass across the graveyard path.

A few days later Sir Alec Vayasour received a note at his club which bore

the Paris postmark, and he was missing from the social whirlpool for a week, announcing on his return his engagement to Mrs. St. Croix. He declared he had met her in Paris, looking positively wretched after her travels, and had strongly advised her to remain there for a few weeks to dissipate the Rhenish mountains and to regain her good looks before their wedding day.—Roy Compton in Sketch.

A STREET CAR INCIDENT.

In Which a Chivalrous Little Man Makes a Big Mistake.

He was a little man, but his firm, quick step and erect head showed that he weighed 16 ounces to the pound and had all the confidence of a man weighing 200 pounds.

He stopped on the corner till a street car came along and stepped aboard.

The car was full, and several people were standing. He took hold of a strap and looked over the crowd and saw that several women were standing while a number of men were occupying comfortable seats.

It riled him to see it, and when his eyes fell upon a pale faced little woman holding on to a strap, while a large, lusty looking man sat near by, he could not remain silent.

"See here," said he to the big man, "here is a lady standing while you have a seat."

"Yes," said the big man.

"Well, don't you think you ought to give up your seat to this woman, who has probably been hard at work during the day?"

"No."

"You don't?"

"I do not."

"Well," said the little man as he braced himself, "I do, and I am going to yank you clean out of this car."

He grabbed the big man by the collar and proceeded to drag him off the seat, but was interrupted by the woman, who grabbed him by the hair.

"Hold on!" cried the little man.

"That's what I'm doing," said the woman.

"But I mean let up on this. What do you mean by attacking me?"

"Look-a-here," said the female, "I didn't ask you to get me a seat. Besides I want you to know that man you have hold of is my husband."

The little man let go of the big man, and the woman let go her hold on the hair, and the car was restored, but the little man was quiet until he reached the end of his route, when he left the car, when he was heard to mutter, "And such is life!"—Peck's Sun.

EVOLUTION OF NIAGARA.

The Estimates as to the Age of the World Famous Cataract.

Professor J. W. Spencer says the first conjecture as to the age of Niagara falls was made by Andrew Elliott in 1790. Elliott believed the falls to be 55,000 years old. About 1841 Lytle estimated the age of the falls as 35,000 years. All of these early estimates were purely conjectures, but they were correct in assuming that the gorge had been excavated by the river. Professor Spencer, in outlining the progress of the falls, says that a little stream draining the Erie basin once fell about 200 feet above the brow of the Niagara escarpment. This stream was not over one-fourth the volume of the recent cataract and consequently excavated the gorge at a much slower rate than at present.

During the early history of the river the waters of the three upper lakes emptied through the Huron basin by way of the Ottawa river. The height of the falls has increased several times. The first episode, represented by a small river falling 200 feet, lasted about 11,000 years. Then the height of the falls was increased to 400 feet and took the drainage of the upper great lakes. At the same time there was a series of cascades, three in all, the lower gaining on the upper until finally they were all united in one great cataract much higher than that of today.

Subsequently the waters were raised at the head of Lake Ontario, and the falls approximated to the present conditions after a lapse of 17,000 years from the end of the first episode. The age of the present falls is put at 1,000 years, and another 1,000 years was probably occupied by transitional changes of a very gradual character. It is now 8,000 years since Lake Huron emptied into Lake Erie for the first time. The land has risen about the outlet of Lake Erie, and if the present rate of change continues in 5,000 or 6,000 years the waters of the four upper lakes will be turned into the Mississippi river drainage at Chicago.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Toistol and the Car.

It is said that after the first incendiary articles of Tolstol the czar sent for him and advised him to desist. "Will your majesty," Tolstol is reported to have said, "do for an instant your imperial mantle and judge my works as a mere man? If a single word of my writings offend your majesty's human sense, I will cut off my right hand." Alexander III became very thoughtful, did not reply and finally dismissed the greatest living apostle of the social Christian idea.—New York Journal.

Nearly Had Baby Spasms.

NAPOLEON, O., June 7, 1894.—Hand Medicine Co.—My baby at three months old had colic so badly we feared spasms. My husband ran to the drugstore for "soothing syrup." Our physician was present when he called for it and advised him to try Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. We did so. We have used nearly three bottles, and baby is the most pleasant, bright, laughing baby I ever saw, and I am convinced we owe it all to Dr. Hand's Colic Cure.—Mrs. Arthur Simmons. Sold by J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

W. L. DOUGLAS